

# Pomeroy Telegraph.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

VOLUME III.

POMEROY, MEIGS COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1860.

T. A. PLANTS, Publishers.

NUMBER 31

## Business Cards.

**T. A. PLANTS & CO.**  
Office in front of the "Herald" building, near the "Sugar Run" bridge, Pomeroy, Ohio.  
All business of the firm transacted by  
**A. E. McKEOWN, Business Manager.**  
To whom all applications for subscription, advertising and job work should be made, at the office.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
In advance, 1 year, \$1.50  
In advance, 6 months, .75  
In advance, 3 months, .40  
In advance, 1 month, .15  
If not paid within the year, 2.00  
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**MARTIN HAYS.**  
Attorney-at-Law, Harrisonville, Meigs Co., O.  
Will promptly attend to all business that may be entrusted to his care. In the several State Courts of Ohio and in the U. S. Court for the Northern and Southern Districts of Ohio. 2-16-17

**GOLDEN & TOWNSEND.**  
Attorneys at Law. W. R. Golden's Office in Athens, O., and L. S. Townsend's in Painesville, Meigs Co., O. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims, and other business entrusted to them. 2-16-17

**PETER LAMBERT.**  
Watchmaker & Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery and Fancy Articles. Court street, below the new Banking House, Pomeroy. Watches, Clocks and Jewellery carefully repaired on short notice. 1-1

**W. A. ALDER.**  
Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery and Fancy Goods. Front street, below the "Remington House," Pomeroy. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in my line. 1-1

**T. WHITEHEAD.**  
Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes. Three doors above stone bridge. The best of work for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order. 1-1

**McGUGG & SMITH.**  
Leather Dealers and Finders. Court street, three doors below the Bank, and opposite Branch's Store, Pomeroy. O. 1-1

**SUGAR RUN SALT COMPANY.**  
Salt twenty-five cents per bushel.  
**C. GRANT, Agent.**

**POMEROY SALT COMPANY.**  
Salt twenty-five cents per bushel.  
**DANIEL & RATHBURN, BANKERS.**

**ISAAC FALLER.**  
Clothing, Groceries and Dry Goods Dealer. First store above C. B. Bond's, near the Rolling Mill, Pomeroy. O. Country Merchants are respectfully requested to call and examine my stock of Groceries and Dry Goods. I am confident that I cannot be glazier. 1-23

**F. LYMAN.**  
Painter and Glazier, back room of P. Lambricht's Jewelry Store, west side Court street, Pomeroy. O. 1-1

**JOHN EISELSTEIN.**  
Saddle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer. Front street, three doors below Court street. Will execute all work entrusted to his care with neatness and dispatch. Saddles gotten up in the neatest style. 1-22

**M. BLATTNER.**  
Carriage & Wagon Manufacturer. Front street, first corner below the Rolling Mill, Pomeroy. O. All articles in his line of business manufactured at reasonable rates, and they are especially recommended for durability. 2-5-15

**F. E. HUMPHREY.**  
Blacksmith and Foundry. Back room of P. Lambricht's Jewelry Store, west side Court street, Pomeroy. O. Farming Tools, Plows, Mattocks, Hoes, &c., on hand and made to order. Horse Shoeing and all kinds of Job work done to order. 3-3-1

**M. A. HUNTER.**  
Proprietor, (formerly occupied by M. A. Webster), one square below the Rolling Mill, Pomeroy. O. By endeavor to accommodate both the trade and the public. Mr. Hunter hopes to receive a constantly increasing patronage. 2-5-15

**PILCHER HOUSE.**  
Racing. Ohio. This new and commodious building has been recently completed, and is the best place for the reception of entertaining the public travel. The undersigned will use every exertion to make his guests comfortable, and respectfully solicits patronage. 1-12-20  
April 10, '60.-15-50. R. H. PILCHER.

**S. W. ROSS.**  
Paper Hanger, Glazier, &c., Pomeroy, Ohio. Paper put on at from 12 1/2 to 15 cts per roll, according to quality. Orders left at Telegraph Printing Office promptly attended to. 17-20

**WM. RUST.**  
Tailor, Front street, a few doors west of Court, Pomeroy. O. Men and Boy's clothes made to order, including cutting. As I have a new sewing machine, my facilities for doing work are complete. 1-20-15

**FRANK COOPER.**  
Stone Mason & Bricklayer. Residence in John Lane's Building, near the Public Church. Dressed and Rubble stone work executed in the best manner. Also, Bricklaying, Cementing, &c., done at reasonable prices. Work warranted. 1-20-15

**A. KOHL.**  
Dealer in and Manufacturer of Umbrellas. He holds himself in readiness to make Umbrellas to order, or repair old ones in the most substantial manner. He will also buy worn-out Umbrellas at liberal prices. Shop on Lin street, north of Smith's Shoe Store. 1-20-15

**W. H. LASLEY, Clerk.**  
Notice to Salt Manufacturers.  
The undersigned, from a long experience in the business, would inform salt manufacturers that he is prepared to make Assay Joints, Boring Tools, &c. [10-60] F. E. HUMPHREY

**APPRENTICES.**  
Those wishing to take boys or girls at any age from infancy to 14 years, to live with him till of legal age, would be doing a public benefit by making known their wishes to Mr. Scott, Superintendent of the Infirmary, near Chester, or to either of the Infirmary Directors. Feb. 7, '60.-1-1

**DENTISTRY.**  
**S. T. BOGGESS, DENTIST.**  
Is located at  
RUTLAND, OHIO.  
Where he may at all times be found ready to wait upon those who may favor him with a call, unless he is professionally absent. All calls from a distance promptly attended to. Feb. 14, 1860.-7-60

## Poetry.

For the Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

H. O. P.

"Pandora, according to Hesiod, was the first mortal female that ever lived. The gods gave her in making her presents, and Jupiter gave her a box filled with innumerable evils, which she was desired to give to the man that married her. Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus, fell a victim to the charms of Pandora, and accepted the box, which he opened, and let forth upon the world all the ills and diseases which have since afflicted the human race. Hope, alone, remained at the bottom of the box to console mankind."

O Hope! bright star that guides the heart

O'er life's tempestuous troubled sea,

How many a fainting soul would droop

And wither, were it not for thee!

How cheering to the friendless, thou,

Who's seeking alms from door to door,

To have a hope that days may yet

Come, like the happy days of yore.

The homeless wanderer, worn and tired,

Dreams of the wealth that meets his eyes—

Looks up and smiles—by Hope inspired,

And naves his arm to grasp the prize.

He yesterday, so poor, was scorned;

But something buoyed his fainting soul.

To-day he is honored—his prize is won—

'Twas Hope that led him to the goal.

As when the sky with gloom o'ercast

By dark and rolling, threatening clouds,

And angry storms seem gathering fast,

And in their gloom, the dark enshrouds,

The way-worn traveler looks in vain

For some sheltering spot, secure, to find;

To shield him from the impending rain,

And limbs hurried by the violent wind.

But seek with joy he hails the light

Lo, in the west the sun appears!

The clouds disperse—soon all is bright—

The traveler no longer pressed

Thus, when the sun is shadowed off,

With the dark clouds of stern despair,

The sun of Hope pierces the gloom,

And shed wild rays of pleasure there.

When all the world is dark and drear,

And life affords no charms at best;

And when the heart is filled with care,

And the tired spirit faint would rest—

There's naught but Hope that can restrain

The fainting soul, and bid it rise

Above this world of toil and pain,

And learn of joys beyond the skies.

There's naught but Hope that can inspire

The weary spirit to content

Against the many ills of life,

And on the joys of Heaven depend:

And, when our sunny hopes on earth

Have vanished, like life's visions, riven,

There's nothing left to cheer the soul,

But Hope of peaceful rest in heaven.

Long Bottom, July 26, 1860. Vir.

Miscellany.

The Young Mother's Lesson.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You look sober, Bella. What's the matter?"

The remark and question came from Aunt Rachel, who had called to spend an afternoon, and take tea with her niece.

"I feel sober, just at this time, aunt."

"No unusual cause for uncomfortable feelings, I hope," said Aunt Rachel, the pleasant light which had come into her face beginning gradually to fade away.

"Oh, no; nothing unusual. It's the old story with me. There are very few days, now, in which I am not disturbed, or made to feel unhappy."

"Why, Bella! This is strange news. Disturbed, and made to feel unhappy every day! You pain me by such an acknowledgment. What has gone wrong with you?"

"I feel wrong with myself, aunt," was replied; "but that oldest boy of mine is growing so self-willed, disobedient, and ungovernable, that I'm half in despair about him."

"I'm sorry for that, Bella. Perhaps you have indulged and humored him too much."

"I think not from the very beginning. I have made it a rule to repress, as far as lay in my power, everything disorderly and evil to require strict obedience to my word on pain of certain punishment. No, aunt, I do not think the fault lies at my door. Edward has a strange disposition. I don't know what to make of him, sometimes."

"Edward? He seems bent on doing the things I interdict. Only half an hour ago I found him in the library, with a handsome book lying open on the floor, marking some of the fine illustrations with a pencil. Once before I had punished him for this very thing, and here it was again!"

"And you punished him again?"

"I did, and severely."

"What in a room by himself?"

"Overhead."

"Yes; that he punishes on the floor now. Just hear what a noise he is making! And isn't ten minutes since I threatened to whip him if he did it again."

Bella went hastily from the room, and going half way up stairs, called, in a sharp, commanding voice—

"You Edward!"

The hammering ceased in an instant.

"What did I say to you about that noise a little while ago?"

No answer.

"Edward! There was no kindness, no softness, no mother-love in the voice that uttered the name. 'Do you hear, sir?'"

Still no response.

"Why don't you answer me?"

The mother was growing excited.

"Edward; if you don't answer me I'll punish you severely."

A bulky muttering now came from the room.

"Don't let me hear that noise again, sir, or you'll be sorry for it!"

"Can't I come out, mother? I'm tired of staying here."

"No, sir; you can't come out, you naughty boy!"

"I will come out!" screamed the child, with a sudden wildness of manner, as if he had grown desperate; and he rattled the lock, and kicked passionately against the door.

This was more than the excited mother could endure. Springing up stairs, she unlocked the door, and entered the

## Poetry.

For the Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

H. O. P.

"Don't forget it, dear," said Aunt Rachel, as she held the hand of her niece, in parting, at the close of her visit.

"Never!" was the earnest reply—

"You have removed scales from my eyes; and selfishness, self-will, and I will try to govern myself always—before attempting to govern my child—try to see what is for his good—try to stimulate the growth of loving affections, rather than give all thought to the weeds, in seeking to tear up which I have all right hurt so many tender plants."

"Ah, my child, that is the true way," replied Aunt Rachel. If you can get the life-forces of your young spirit to flow vigorously into the good plants, they will soon spring up into the sunny air, spreading out their branches, and striking their roots wide and deep into the earth—leaving the evil plants to wither and wither for lack of nourishment."

"How can I speak approvingly when he does wrong? How can I encourage him to disobedience by smiling when he sets my commands at defiance?"

"I fear, Bella, that you call many things wrong that are done innocently on his part. You follow him up too closely, and scold him to much for things trivial, or of no account. You have not once, that I have seen, this afternoon, tried to divert him from anything that he was doing not strictly in the line of your approval; it was always a command, and always harshly made. Forgive me, Bella, for this plain speech; but I see your error so plainly, that I must point it out. You have forgotten the honey adage about honey catching more flies than vinegar. Try the honey, my dear—try the honey!"

"I am afraid that you are shadowing the life of that child—shutting out the sunshine by which alone good plants can vegetate in the garden of his soul. I have seen besides an evil growth to-day; yet, down among the dark, springing weeds, trying to struggle up into the air and light, a few flowers of affection were faintly visible. Oh, Bella, search for these as for precious treasures; water them with the dew of love, and let the hearts warm sunshine go down into the earth around them. Don't think so much about the repression and extermination of evil, about the growth and development of good. But, first of all, put your own house in order. Regulate your own heart. Repress anger, pride, self-will, love of ruling, indignation at rebellion—let only affection reign in your heart, and thoughts of your child's good fill your mind."

"After a further debate with herself, the mother left the room and went up to her imprisoned boy. He was pounding on the floor when she turned the key and entered."

"Edward!" She spoke sternly.

The little fellow started up, with a look half fearful, half defiant.

"You are a very naughty boy!"

Edward set off his feet firmly, and knelt his fair young brows.

"How dare you pound on the floor after I had forbidden it?"

Edward moved back a step or two—There was danger in his mother's eyes.

"Why don't you answer me when I speak?"

"I couldn't help it," stammered the child.

"Couldn't help it! Aint you afraid to give me such an answer?" and a hand moved, half involuntary, as if a blow were about to follow.

"Aunt Rachel is down stairs."

"Oh, she is!" Two little hands came together with a sound like a kiss; and waves of sunshine swept suddenly over a face that was dark and stormy a moment before.

"I feel great mind not to let you see her, after all this naughty behavior."

The mother could not forgive him. Instantly the smile went out from Edward's face; but he looked neither penitent nor deprecating. She turned from him as though she would leave him still in prison; but there was no sign of weakness—only the disfiguring scowl on his face that made it so painful to look upon.

"Come," the mother coldly extended her hand. Edward advanced toward her with slow steps, and giving his hand, instead of blushing out upon him, as was wont, sat down in a strange quiet way, and said, "Edward," so softly and gently that he could only stand and look at her in surprise.

"Edward," she repeated his name, and now with a tenderness that made his heart leap. Her hands were held out toward him. Dropping the pencil, he advanced a step or two, looking wondrously at his mother. She still held out her hand. "Come, dear," he was by her side in an instant.

"Do you love mother?" An arm was drawn gently around him. He did not answer in words, but put his arms about her neck and kissed her. What a thrill of pleasure went through her heart!

"I love Eddy," the little arms tightened about her neck, and the little head went down, nestling upon her bosom.

"Oh! I love you so much!" The half-motherly voice was full of childish earnestness.

"Will Eddy be good for mother?"

"Edward will be good for mother?"

Edward stood up, speaking in a resolute way, and looking full into his mother's face. "If I can help it," he added, a little less confidently.

"Oh, Eddy can help it if he will," said his mother, smiling encouragement into his face.

"Something was on the lip of the boy, but he kept it back from utterance."

"What is it, dear? What were you going to say?"

Thus encouraged, Edward said, dropping his eyes as he spoke,

"I'll forget, sometimes; I'm most sure I will. But—"

He paused with the sentence unfinished.

"But what, dear?"

"Don't scold me then, mamma. Kiss me, and I'll be so sorry!"

He caught his breath with a sob, and his mother drew his head against her bosom, and laid her tearful face down among his golden curls.

When they entered the sitting-room, Aunt Rachel saw that it was all right with them. She held out her hand to Edward, who came to her in a gentle way, and stood, with a happy-looking face, by her side.

Scarcely within her memory had the mother spent so pleasant an afternoon. Edward, of course, soon forgot himself, soon meddled with forbidden things, made unseemly noises, or conducted himself in a way that tried severely his mother's patience. But, she compelled herself, and it required no light effort, to use the honey instead of vinegar—to speak in affectionate remonstrance instead of with a stern threat—and, constantly, the troubled waters grew still. She could not but notice the singular difference, in effect, between the loud, emphatic, commanding utterances in which she had so long indulged, and the quiet, loving words now spoken in approval. She had governed herself, and the work of governing her child, so impossible before, became a thing of easiest accomplishment.

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